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The Linden Bark, November 12, 1929

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LINDEN BARK

Vol. 6—No. 6.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, November 12, 1929.

Price 5c

SOPHOMORE DAY ARRIVES AS HIGHLIGHT FOR FROSH

WORK, TROUBLE AND FUN ATTEND GREAT DAY

Wednesday, October 30, was a great day for both the frosh and the sophomores, Sophomore Day. The sophs pride themselves that it began with a bang and ended with a bang. The night before in the auditorium, the morning on the quad, the assembly, and the dinner dance were all great and glorious. Everyone was very tired at the end and had something to remember about the Sophomore Day of the Class of 1932.

Frosh Go Into Huddle

And then there is the freshman who took it all seriously, when Silence Day began. She thought that friendly relations between herself and her roommate were terminated for life. She saw, through tears, a year of silence. A mute roommate! "Is it because of the day, or is it really me?" She wailed but no sophomore broke down to comfort her. The lump in the throat grew bigger when she reached the dining-room for breakfast. "Kin I sit here?" No answer. The child retired in more tears.

The frosh gathered in great huddles between classes all day. Courage and fortitude were restored momentarily. Even the most sophisticated and brave repeated a little formula to the tune of "Just an old custom, means nothing at all; best way to handle them is to high-hat them". But the sophomores, naturally quicker, beat them to their game as usual. High-hatting was handled by the sophs only. Weak little voices piped out poor wisecracks. They felt flat on the still air. A luncheon and dinner with conversation carried on by the sophs and other upperclassmen completely whipped them. Frosh faces fell as sophomore brows lifted. The formula ran thin. Defeat was readily admitted.

Sophomore Worm Turns

The freshmen, for once, were stricken dumb, then whispers rose quick and fast from the front seats of the Auditorium. A few feeble grins fixed themselves on the freshman faces, and slowly died away. "Shing", the beloved president of the sophomore class, had just cordially invited the freshmen to all be present in the Auditorium that night, Tuesday, October 29, at 9:30, and "the upper-classmen are invited to see the show." The freshmen wilted, but revived a little as Dolly Kircher, their president rose in defiance and called an important freshmen meeting to be held that afternoon.

9:30 came, as did the freshmen, juniors, seniors, faculty—and sophomores. As the freshmen entered,

contrary to usual custom and usages, they sang a song led by Dolly Kircher and Miss Sue Campbell, their sponsor.

The sophomores, enraged by the "freshman nerve", wiped the smiles off their faces and steeled themselves to be as stern as stern. They marched in, led by the president, Lois McKeehan, Miss Gordon, Miss Parker, and the class officers, carrying the sophomore standard. Black dresses, folded arms, stern looks and the sophomore song, almost a funeral dirge, made the atmosphere uncanny. The freshmen, dressed all in white as symbols of purity and freshness, made a refreshing contrast to the stalking sophomores—as they remained seated.

Lining themselves up along the aisles, the sophomores stood with folded arms, facing the now-quiet freshmen, as Lois addressed them. "Freshmen—you are required to be on the 'quad' at exactly 5:60 o'clock tomorrow morning, by order of the sophomore class. We have you all spotted, but we are giving you distinguishing marks, by which you will be known to all. Freshmen, you will march between the sophomores, and receive this that we have for you."

To the sophomore song, to sophomore whispers, and to sophomore dirty looks, the freshmen marched to receive their tokens, green caps.

"Freshmen, you will wear these caps from now until the 28th of November, 1929. You will wear them to St. Charles, on the campus, in the dormitories, and every where except in classes and to St. Louis. And tomorrow, every time you see a sophomore, you will bow low from the hips, touch the button of your cap, and murmur reverently, 'I'm as green as my cap and green-er.'"

There was consternation on the faces of the more sophisticated freshmen.

The sophomores marched out, dirty looks on their faces, and dirty looks on the faces of the freshmen. The freshman pianist, "Max", as soon as the sophomores were out, rushed up to the piano, and the freshmen "sang their courage up", as Sally Grant, the sophomore pianist sat at her piano. The sophs sang outside and the fresh marched out, single file between a long double sophomore line, gathering in a body on the quad, where they were called together by their president, Dolly Kircher, and their sponsor, Miss Campbell, to sing. Again was consternation as the sophomores unexpectedly sent them home with loud cries of "Button, freshman, button."

Green-capped freshman bowed low

(Continued on page 5, col. 1)

THE ROEMERS TO ENTERTAIN

L. C. Girls Teaching in Mo.

On November 15, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer are entertaining with a luncheon at the Hotel Lennox in St. Louis, for all the former Lindenwood students, who are now teaching in the state of Missouri. It is during this week that the Missouri state teachers convention is to be held in St. Louis.

Among the 1929 Lindenwood graduates, who are now teaching in Missouri, is Miss Katherine Perry, who is better known as "Pep" Perry. Miss Perry, who was prominent in dramatics at Lindenwood, is teaching French, in her home town, Moberly. Then too, from the same class are Misses Helen Diehr and Helen Hammer of St. Charles. They are both teaching in the public schools here, and Miss Hammer, who was a member of Lindenwood's 1928 debate team, has been taking a great interest in high school debating.

Of the class of 1928, there is Miss Ruth Spreckleyer who is teaching at Chaffee, and Miss Cornelia Moehlenkamp, who is a teacher in Sweet Springs. Other former Lindenwood students, who are now teaching in St. Charles are Misses Ethel Spreckelmeyer, Arlie Schmiedler and Dorothy Ely.

SPANISH CLUB PLEDGES

Miss Terhune Tello of Middlebury

El Circulo Espanol welcomed its new members into the club with a simple and dignified ceremony, Wednesday, October 30. Mardean Hutchinson, Alberta McIntosh, and Hazel Moffett were initiated. Kathryn Datesman, Jane Reed, Elisabeth Pinkerton, Helen Jo Denby, Florence Harrison, Clara Mae Waters, Katherine Chase, Dorothy Roeder, Emily Lavelock, Ethylmae Baker, Jean Morgan, and Marian Johnson were pledged.

After teaching the club a popular song, "La Paloma Blanca", Miss Terhune spoke on her experiences at the Spanish school in Middlebury College, and particularly of the charming visiting professor, Concha Espina, who gave a course in her new novels.

Concha Espina is unquestionably the foremost, living woman novelist of Spain. She has enjoyed several unusual tributes to her literary ability. She has received an award from the Spanish Academy. She has made her native town so famous by using it as the setting of her novel, "La Nina de Luzmela", that the town's name is now being changed to Luzmela, at the suggestion of King Alfonso.

Concha Espina has enjoyed the honor of having a plaque unveiled to her, an exact reproduction in a characteristic pose. In appearance, she is very Spanish, with dark tragic eyes, and black hair. Her hair sometimes gets her into difficulties. She is very fond of traveling with her lovely daughter, Josefina, with a donkey cart

(Continued on page 5, col. 4)

THANKSGIVING PLANS GAME, DANCE, AND COMEDY

Families, Friends, and Old Students Guests

The plans for Thanksgiving day have been made, and what a full and interesting day it is going to be for everyone!

In the morning there is to be an inter-class hockey game, the seniors and sophomores versus the juniors and freshmen.

At eleven o'clock in Roemer chapel Dr. Ronald C. MacLeod, of the St. Louis Presbytery, will deliver the Thanksgiving Day address. At this time an offering will be taken by the social service division of the Y. W. C. A. Always this offering has been very generous and it is hoped that this year it will exceed the offerings of past years. Half of it will be given to the St. Charles county infirmary, the other half to Dr. G. W. King to be used in his work at Markham Memorial Church.

Thanksgiving dinner will be held at noon.

In the afternoon there is to be a tea dance, sponsored by the Student Council, in Butler gymnasium.

The Y. W. C. A. is sponsoring a play, "Mr. Tightwad", to be given at 7:30, in Roemer auditorium. It will be free, every one is invited, and students are urged to bring their guests.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEET

Dr. Mac Ivor Speaks

The board of directors of the Lindenwood College held their annual fall meeting Monday, November 4. They found satisfactory work in all departments.

In addition to the resident members, Dr. John L. Roemer and Dr. B. K. Stumberg, those attending were: Dr. J. W. MacIvor, of St. Louis, president of the board, and the Messrs. O. P. Blake, of Kansas City, Lee Montgomery, Sedalia, Mo.; Geo. W. Sutherland, Webster Groves; Thomas H. Cobb, Geo. B. Cummings, and John Garrett of St. Louis.

Dr. Roemer introduced the board members to the student body at eleven o'clock assembly.

Dr. Mac Ivor made a brief talk in which he mentioned the beauty of Lindenwood and all it stands for. "About a girls school we find something fine that we find no other place."

"Lindenwood" Dr. Mac Ivor said, "is a Christian College, and embodies the spirit of all that is worth while." He closed his talk with the hope that all the school might feel and be guided by the love of Christ.

The board members were guests of the college for lunch. The luncheon menu consisted of cold tongue, creamed potatoes, tomatoe and lettuce salad, hot rolls and coffee.

The directors were shown about the campus, and visited the Lindenwood farm.

LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Norma Paul Ruedt, '30

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Charlie Jean Cullum, '32
Georgia Daniel, '32
Kathryn Datesman, '32
Ruth Dawson, '32
Irene Virginia Grant, '32
Margery Hazen, '32
Frances Jennings, '32
Sheila Willis, '32

Roberta Manning, '32
Agnes McCarthy, '32
Phyllis McFarland, '32
Betty Palmer, '32
Cary Pankey, '32
Marjorie Taylor, '32
Dorothy Turner, '32

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1929.

(Applied to Mrs. Sibley)

I drew new mysteries from the deep
And heard soft music in my sleep.

—Frank B. Summerville—"Reflection at Night"

* * * * *

IN PRAISE OF FRESHMAN VIRTUES

Many striking qualities, domestic and otherwise, have been evidenced by the freshmen, particularly on Sophomore Day. It has been proved that energetic freshmen can, and will, clean the steps of the dormitories with toothbrushes, Dutch Cleanser, and fountain water, and make them shine as brightly as the most particular housemaid. The freshmen have also demonstrated their ability to free from dirt the rooms of various sophomores and to polish the shoes of the same sophs.

Contrary to the belief that women do not make as good conductors as men, those at Lindenwood who witnessed, and heard, the make-believe conductor calling the station in the swing facing Butler know that Lindenwood's freshmen are at least as good as the men conductors—if not better. Mathematics also abound in the freshmen class. Numberless prodigies computed the leaves on the various bushes on the campus, and the number of windows in the dormitories. These same qualities were displayed in the last year's freshmen class who several ambitious freshmen computed the square inches of sidewalk on the campus. The persimmon tree was despoiled of all its fruit, but whether for mathematical or eating purposes has not yet been ascertained.

Promptness is another notable feature of the freshmen. Whether rushing to eight o'clock classes, the dining room or the post office, the freshmen are always there. This quality was very noticeable on last Wednesday evening, October 30, when back-bending exercises were proved conducive to a hearty appetite. Later, the spirit of cooperation was shown, when the freshmen aided the Hallowe'en dance in the Gym by appearing in every manner of fanciful costume, ghostly and otherwise.

All these qualities have appeared among the freshmen, but the greatest yet unmentioned is that of good sportmanship. One feels that the freshmen excel in a great many virtues—they have had the opportunity to show then, perhaps more than the other classes concerning domestic traits, capacities as conductors, and mathematicians—but the spirit of cooperation, good fellowship, and good sportmanship among the freshman class has been clearly shown and proved.

* * * * *

ADVANTAGES OF COLLEGE DEBATING

The annual plea has been made for debaters—as usual we suppose only a few will go out for this most interesting and broadening experience that is offered. There are few fields that open the same channels of thought and opportunities of research that debate does. In order to know one side of the question sufficiently well to argue for it one must understand both sides, must gather material from all sources, weight it, measure it, discard some and keep that which is best. In this way the person gets a scientific, critical attitude that is invaluable to him in other studies. He learns to choose the good from the bad, and to organize the material so that it is compact, and with out unnecessary flowery expressions. He learns to be alert for the opposing teams slips, ready to refute and tear down the other argument. In order to refute the arguments he must know both sides of the question and cannot help thereby getting an unbiased view of the situation even if personally he feels very strongly on the subject. He gets sound training in building up an argument that has definitely two sides.

College debate brings before the entire student body questions of current interest and raises a question in their minds, stimulates reading and interest in happenings of the day. It develops logical reasoning power in the individual which can be transferred to his other work.

So those who are best fitted for debating—answer the plea this year. It means a name for the debaters and honors for the college if a winning debate team can be turned out. The advantages are many and a person can gain a lasting worthwhile experience in this field.

* * * * *

AFTER ALL—DO WE NEED COSEMETICS?

Isabel MacDonald, our recent charming visitor from England, has much to say in favor of the United States. Our cities fascinate her, our homes intrigue her, and the American women "are more charming, graceful, and more smartly dressed than English girls."

There is, however, one thing with which she is somewhat perplexed. The quantity of "make-up" worn by the American woman simply astounds her.

Although the English are noted for their matchless complexions, the Americans are not far behind. Miss MacDonald thinks that, as a whole, we have lovely complexions. But why—why should we seek to hide under masses

SHOES AND HOSE STYLES WORN AT L. C.

Bark Reporter Observes Latest Modes

There are two indispensable items of apparel that have remained essentially the same for years. They are the all important shoes and hose. When one says essentially the same, do not misunderstand. It is like this. Shoes have always had a sole. Yes. Then hose have always had a foot and a leg in them. "Well", you say, "What of it anyhow? Any moron knows that." This is the point that I want made clear, that while as you say, any moron knows all about what I have just said, very few of them have made a careful and detailed study of the shoes and hose of today as they appear on the campus of our Alma Mater. To save you the trouble of making a close inspection, I will publish for your benefit the points I have discovered in my minute observations.

Shoes cannot be dogmatically said to be either pointed or round toed for on the campus and elsewhere in these United States, they consist of both types. For the girl who has a long foot, the pointed shoes are just the thing for of course those long toes make the wearer's foot look so abnormally long, you know that her feet can't possibly be that large, therefore her feet receive the benefit of the doubt. As there are many big-footed persons in the land, no wonder the pointed toes has had such wonderful success. Now the blessed few who were given small feet do not choose the length-emphasizing style. Rather they cling to the round toed ones. They show a great appreciation for their feet and let them wear this well-chosen type for spring and fall, heat and cold. If everyone else in the world wore strange styles, still would they obstinately wear short vamps. Straps or pumps, that is not the question, most everyone has an equal number of each. Colors make no difference. Wear blue shoes with red if that is your desire, it will be unusual and so unfamiliar that people will not know whether to criticize your taste or not. Color schemes can easily be explained away by various, vague remarks on color wheels, color harmony etc.

The hose are less important than the shoes. A rather new style has been showing itself on the campus, that of wearing black hose and brown shoes together. Yes, it is very striking and that is about all I can say for it. Most of the college calla lilies step forth in various shades of nude and flesh colored hostery that does not offend anyone's artistic temperament. I recently heard of a young lady who has a special pair of hose reserved for breakfast, the hose so designated were no longer in perfect condition but they still served the purpose of hose. In this way the wise one rid herself of the torture of tearying a pair of good hose in the hurried dressing for breakfast.

The last of my observations is one that I wish emphasized. It has been known on the campus and is I think most pleasing. This is the wearing of sheer chiffon gunmetal hose with a black formal and silver slippers. Possibly you have seen this. At first it

of powder, rouge and various other "aids to beauty?" This, to her, is a great mystery.

Miss MacDonald, herself, uses no rouge or lipstick. She does not refrain from this habit because of "moral" reasons at all, but she realizes that she does not need what most of us revel in using.

It is more than probable that the use of cosmetics is just a habit. We do it merely because it is being done, not because the effect is lovely. Very often the effect is anything but lovely.

It certainly would be better for most of us to follow the sage example of our fair English visitor, and refrain from the excessive use of cosmetics. Of course, there would be another panic in Wall Street, but on the whole, we would profit by it.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT

Arbos a Wonderful Interpreter of Spanish Music

Twenty-eight was the number of girls fortunate enough to make the trip to St. Louis to the Odeon to hear Enrique Fernandez Arbos, guest conductor in the first symphony concert of the year, celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

The numbers he rendered were all new to the audience for the most part, except Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. "A tone picture", Zarathustra, was written by Strauss, who was a personal friend of Senor Arbos.

The program, of five numbers, was completed by two Spanish numbers, which were written as piano numbers by Isaac Albinez, a personal friend and country-man of the guest conductor. Arbos himself transposed and made the orchestrations of these numbers and completed the last one, "Navarra" which was left incomplete at the composer's death. The last three, perhaps, were the more interesting to those girls who went in, because of the genuine Spanish fire, so ably interpreted by this Spanish director.

LOSE TWO POUNDS A WEEK!

Ears pricked up and eager eyes concentrated upon Miss Marie Mortensen, of the home economics department, when she told the Orientation class last Tuesday, October 29, that she had a diet, guaranteed to lose two pounds a week, if conscientiously followed. But much to the dismay of the "sweets-loving" Freshmen, the menu consisted solely of meats, vegetables, milk and butter.

"Dieting is a fad rather than a necessity for many people," Miss Mortensen said. "Doctors are very much distressed because of the high rate of tuberculosis and other illnesses, caused from robbing the body of sufficient food. Dieting is a serious matter and should not be taken lightly. Doctors and scientists are not advocates of the popular eighteen day diet."

Food, clothing, and shelter are the three basic essentials of life, and I can safely say that food is the most important of these three. A wise selection and not an overdose, brings a clear complexion, bright eyes and healthy hair, to say nothing of a sparkling disposition.

"You should have a well balanced diet, with regular eating times. A good digestion and a good mental attitude go hand and hand," she continued, "if you talk about pleasant subjects, your meal will be pleasanter, too."

Miss Mortenson advised strongly against patent medicines without the doctor's consent, and emphasized the fact, that "pep, personality and enthusiasm resulted from a well balanced, well digested diet."

may not appear so attractive but as you study the effect, you will find it extremely so.

It is too late now to try and gain attention of the public eye through new styles of shoes and hose as this is the first and last article to go to the publisher on this subject for the year.

SONG TO DIANA

By Mary Louise Wardley

We sing Diana, virgin queen,
Bright goddess of the moon whose
sheen
Is silver pure.
We sing Diana, huntress fair,
Disdaining love, yet caught in snare
Of shepherd's lure,
We sing Diana, Hecate,
The three-fold guardian we see
In ways obscure.
We sing, Diana, all the day—
Shall we who follow in your way
Be likewise sure?

TWILIGHT ON MAIN STREET

By Helen Petty

There was a cool, companionable
silence over the street, and the gray-
worsted sky crept comfortably close
to the low-roofed brick buildings. The
over-head bulbs made four glimmering
pools against the sooty blanket and
spread themselves into four mellow
ponds down the middle of the dusk-
widened street.

A yellowed glow from the red-card-
ed windows of a cigar store drifted
out over the rectilinear paleness of the
sidewalk, and, opposite, a thin shaft
of light appeared above a narrowly
opened transom.

Farther up the street bubbles of red
and green began their night-long cycle
around a wide, overhanging sign. Just
behind it another sign winked haltingly
over its cloth-draped windows.

The colorful boxes and bottles in the
paper-hung show windows of the drug
store flaunted themselves cheerfully
at the prim display of oxfords and
pumps across the way.

Shadow figures began to move up
and down the grayed expanse, stop-
ping on the abruptly rounded corners
to exchange hand-shakes and inaudible
greetings.

A knickered boy pedalled easily and
noiselessly by and vanished into the
mouth of the nearest alley. An old
woman in a rusty, enveloping cape
shuffled past, pausing in the circle of
light from a hard-ware store window
to smile and twitter at a diminutive
girl in faded gingham. Two sleek,
lanky youths slouched along, their
hands in their pockets, lingering be-
fore the orange-tinged front of the
barber shop. A single direct ray from
a slow moving automobile picked out
the black SC's on their white sweaters.

A group of bare-headed, bare-kneed
little girls hunted for the nearest sweet
shop. Bits of their shrill chatter
drifted across on the still air.

A shriveled little man in a pinched
felt hat hurried into the red-fronted
Kroger Store and reappeared in a
moment with an indistinct paper
bundle tucked under his right arm.

Two negro boys in tattered coats
and disreputable caps strode past and
blurred into the darkness of a side
street.

A stout matronly lady bustled
through a luminous glass-fronted door
followed by a strutting little fellow in
a cocky knited cap, and three gig-
gling teen-age girls in bright berets
and gay striped blazers clicked past
on their way to Mike's.

A bunch of overalled little rowdies
came scrambling along, splitting the
air with thin, sharp whistles and cat
calls.

A line of glaring orange eyes began
a whirring march up and down the
street, shutting out the friendly sounds
of the side-walks with their clatter and
hum. Main Street had come to life.

WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WHAT PRICE POPULARITY?

By Jane Reeves

"But, dear, there is to be dancing
afterwards and Mrs. Livingston
especially included you in the invita-
tion." Sally's mother was cajoling
now.

"Oh, Mother, don't you understand?
Mrs. Livingston probably knew it was
Margaret's day out, and her generos-
ity overcame her. Anyhow the new
Scribner's came today."

Sally was idly smelling the con-
tents of each of the queer-shaped
black bottles with their glistening
gold stoppers, that were lined along
on her mother's dressing table. She
often wondered how on earth her
mother knew which one to use at the
right time.

Mrs. Bland smiled. "Why, dear, I
though you might enjoy it. The Til-
ford boys will be there, but do as you
like. And do send Daddy up the min-
ute he gets here."

Sally stalked from the room. What
was the matter with her, she wonder-
ed. Why wasn't she like other girls
who reveled in parties, fraternity pins,
and fancy sundaes? It was incredible
that she, the only one of such an illu-
strious family, was unpopular. Why,
she had often heard her grandmother
Sherman say that Mary (her mother)
had run though beaus faster than
silk stockings. And her gay, darling
father had been voted the most popu-
lar man on the campus of his univer-
sity. Oh, it was true; she was unpopu-
lar. It wasn't that she cared so much
for herself although at times it did
hurt her mother and father—what a
disappointment she must be to them.

"Hey, Sal!"

Sally waited until Allan caught up
with her.

"So the football hero is walking to-
night! Don't tell me 'Asthma' is in the
garage again!" Sally began.

"No remarks, young lady. I'm walk-
ing—doctor's orders. Say, Sally, did
you know we finally got Fentons to
play for the Senior Dance? It'll prob-
ably break the treasury up in busi-
ness, but!"

Sally glanced at Allan. She decided
she would have liked him even if he
weren't the football captain. And she
considered him superior to the other
boys of her acquaintance, because she
liked the way his hair grew in back,
and he had decent finger nails.

"If it isn't too deep a secret, Sal, who
are you going with to the dance?"

"Oh, why, I hadn't thought much
about it, to be truthful. Don't suppose
I'll go! You know parties aren't much
in my line," Sally answered him, ner-
vously twirling her red tam.

"Miss the Senior Dance? Don't be
funny! Why, everyone has to come
Sally!"

"I'll be the exception to that rule, I
guess. Did I tell you I got a fifty-one
playing a round with Dad Sunday
morning?"

"Listen, Sally, would you go with me
Friday night?" Allan had never spoken
as earnestly before in his life.

The rest of the walk home was like
a dream to Sally. She was going to
the Senior Dance with Allan Barker!
She kept repeating it over and over to
herself. It was too good to be true!

Her mother and she had a thrilling
time shopping for the new formal.
They finally decided on the flame col-
ored chiffon that reached Sally's
ankles in back.

The next day at school Sally was
in the far corner of the locker room,
changing her tennis shoes, when she
heard a voice chirp, "And Martha is
simply crushed! You see, Al explained

(Continued on page 4, col. 2)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A
FRESHMAN

By Agnes McCarthy

Dearest Janie:

Well, Janie, I have been up here two
days now and believe me I can't stand
it much longer. You know I was crazy
to come to college after seeing Clara
Bow in that movie and all. I have got
my room fixed up cute, I've got one of
those awful studious roommates. I tell
her I just can't study for thinking of
Bob. She laughed and gave me a silly
story named "I Can't Breathe" I'll bet
she thinks I'm like that. Don't read it,
Janie darling, it's awfully dumb.

I got a cute letter from Joyce. Full
of dirt. Wasn't that awful about
Phyllis? I'll bet her mother almost
died. I know mine would. But mother
really is a darling. She understands
problems about the present genera-
tion. She knows we aren't all bad. I
surely am glad I can tell her every-
thing, or almost everything. If I ever
have any children, I'm going to teach
them to tell me all they do, and I'm
going to let them lead their own lives.

There I am getting philosophical.
That shows that I do have a serious
thought once in a while, doesn't it?

School is absolutely terrible. Just
imagine, we have to write a theme for
English every week! I'm writing this
in a class that all the freshmen are in.
The kids call it a correspondence
course. Isn't that cute?

I've written almost a book. It al-
ways was easy to write to you, Janie
because I feel we know each other. I'd
die before I'd unfold myself to any
one else but you. Honestly, I don't feel
this way about another soul. It will
be great to talk to you Christmas va-
cation. I'll bet you're bored by now,
so I'll close the volume.

Well, kid, good-bye, till then. I'd
study but I know I'd start thinking a-
bout Bob. Write and tell me if he's
dating any one else and who!!!

Ego te amour,

Josephina.

OLD LADY McGRAW

By Frances Marie McPherson

Old Lady McGraw is a typical
Scotch old lady. With her dour visage,
her spectacles placed half way down
her nose, her thin lips compressed into
a thin line, her thin body o'erbrimming
with immense energy, she represents
the good Scotch vitality. Yet there
is a grim, humorous side to the old
woman. One can readily notice that
by the sarcastic quirk to her mouth,
and the slight twinkle in her wrinkled
old eyes. With it all, there is some-
thing appealing about her. She seems
to bring a breath of heather wherever
she goes. Perhaps it is her good
humor, her fiery disposition, that
makes you remember vaguely—heroic
Scotch romances. Her quaint manner
of dress, her manners faintly reminis-
cent of the mid victorian age, brings
one in close contact with the primness,
the super politeness, and the shy
friendliness of her country. In spite
of the gray hair drawn tightly to the
back of her head in a hard knot (all
but one wisp, which insists on hanging
over one eye), in spite of the thin,
sharply chiselled features, in spite of
the stooped, small body, so little and
insignificant, there sparkles from her
one of the most magnetic personalities
of any character I've met. Old Lady
McGraw is an inspiration. She doesn't
command, she merely suggests; and
one doesn't obey from a reverence of
old age! No! One doesn't think of
age when one sees Old Lady McGraw.
She merely is and will be!

ON CONQUERING A COLD

By Margery Hazen

"Say! Why have all the widows
up, edyway? Do you want be to catch
bore cold and baybe have pneubonia?
Huh?" I raised myself on one elbow
and eyed my roommate expectantly.
She had just flopped into bed to the
accompaniment of the creaking and
groaning of bed-springs. She rolled
over and regarded me with one half-
closed eye.

"Have to have air, don't we?"

"Sure," I croaked, "but there's too
much of it blowing on by head."

"A little air won't hurt you. Why
don't you—uh—get—mmmm—" her
voice trailed off into nothingness.

I remained propped up on my elbow
trying to decide whether to get up and
close the window or lie in bed and
take a chance on acquiring a sore
throat. It was too cold to get up. But
of course, I couldn't go to sleep know-
ing that I was probably catching more
cold. Oh, well—I sighed resignedly as
I threw back the covers and jumped
out on the bare floor. Ouch! My
shoulder hurt from leaning on it so
hard. Where on earth were my mules?
Thrusting my feet hastily into opposite
slippers, I shuffled to the window and
banged it down, fell over my room-
mate's shoes, lunged forward, hitting
my foot on the edge of the rocker, and
finally staggered over to the bed,
shivering and sore. Good heavens!
The sheets were like ice—wonder
where I put the hot water bag. I felt
my way cautiously to the closet where
I fumbled frantically in the darkness.
I succeeded in knocking down several
dresses before I discovered the hot
water bag by stepping on it.

I let the water run several minutes,
waiting for it to get hot and then
learned, much to my chagrin, that I
had turned on the cold water. I shov-
ed the bag under the faucet. Splash!
More water went on me than into the
bag. Eventually it was filled and I
crawled into bed feeling miserable and
abused.

Now where were my handkerchiefs?
I distinctly remembered putting three
under the pillow, but where they had
gone—well! I wouldn't get up again
if I never found them! Gee! That
medicine on my throat sure smelled
funny. It was too strong—made my
eyes burn. I loosened the woolen
stocking wrapped around my neck. It
scratched uncomfortably, and besides
I had pinned it tight enough to choke
myself.

After twisting and turning, sniffing
and coughing for an interminable
length of time, I dropped off to sleep
only to awaken, surely not more than
ten minutes later, with the clang!
clang! of the rising bell grating on my
ears.

I decided that it was too much
trouble to go to breakfast. Instead, I
lay in bed thinking about how good a
cup of coffee would taste, and hot
biscuits and preserves—until I just had
to get up. By this time there were
about five minutes before the break-
fast bell. I threw on my clothes, tried
to brush my hair and tie my shoestring
simultaneously, grabbed a handker-
chief, and dashed after my roommate,
pinning my hair back on the way.

At the breakfast table I discovered
that we had muffins (my idea of no-
thing to eat), the wrong kind of pre-
serves, and puffed rice which, good-
ness knows, is tasteless enough as it
is, but absolutely impossible when you
have a cold and can hardly taste any-
way. I sniffed woefully and dabbed
my red nose with a handkerchief.

Suddenly I was aware that my
neighbor was addressing me, "Have
you got a cold?" she asked sympath-

tically.

My answer was a violent sneeze. "Say, Marge!" Betty exclaimed. "I have just the medicine for you to take—some cold pills the doctor gave me. Come up to my room after breakfast and I'll give you some."

"Pills!" scoffed Jean. "Pills aren't any good for a cold like that. I always use Analgesic Balm. That'll break it up right away."

"Well!" The little blonde at the foot of the table spoke up. "My father's a doctor and he always tells me to take a scorchin' hot bath and then go to bed."

None of these remedies appealed to me particularly, but then anything was better than this wretched thick-headed feeling. I resolved recklessly to try all of them.

After breakfast was disposed of, I followed Betty upstairs and listened patiently while she explained that I was to take a "pink pill this hour and two white ones the next hour, and so on." She shook out a pink one into her hand, offering it to me with a glass of water. I gulped it down obediently, feeling it stick in my throat on the way.

I put the two little bottles of pills in my sweater pocket, and with a last forlorn sneeze departed for my eight o'clock class. At nine o'clock I took two white pills, after logic class a pink one, after history two white ones. By lunch time I felt queerer than ever. My cold showed no signs of improvement. I sat at the table in a sort of daze, mechanically passing on anything that was handed to me.

Later when I met Jean at the post office, I mentioned the Analgesic Balm.

"Come right over and I'll give it to you now," she said. "Just follow the directions and you'll feel fine by morning. Be sure to rub some on your throat if it's sore."

I took the tube to my room, dropping the bottles of pills into the waste basket on the way. I wasn't sure whether my throat was sore or not. Now I thought of it, I did notice that it hurt when I swallowed. Well, anyway, there was that saying, "An ounce of prevention—". I squeezed the tube and rubbed a generous amount of the contents on my throat. Heavens! It certainly was strong!

I glanced at the directions and read: "For Head Colds, insert a small portion in each nostril." Following instructions I sniffed dutifully—oh! it was too strong. Ooo-oo-oh! Tears filled my eyes and rolled down my face. I paced the floor in agony. Would that smarting ever stop? I groped frantically in the air for a towel, picked up the tube of Balm instead, and flung it on the floor in disgust.

A few minutes later, I stumbled down the hall after taking a hot bath, and dropped on the bed utterly exhausted. My head seemed to be much too big for the rest of me. Somehow I drifted off to sleep.

In the midst of a terrifying nightmare in which an enormous giant with six heads was chasing me with a club, I awoke suddenly to find my roommate shaking me vehemently.

"Oh!" I gasped. "Is it bornig?"

"No, of course it's not morning, but it is almost time for dinner. You'd better get up."

I stared at her incredulously. "Is this the samb day?" I inquired thickly.

It was my roommate's turn to stare.

"Say, are you crazy?" she asked.

I sat up in bed and glared at her defiantly. "Yes, I ab!—I bean—do, I'b not! Edyway, what I want to say is—I'b goin' to the infirmary, and the next tibe I catch cold, I'b goin' there first!"

BAKING A CAKE

By Martha Watson

You decide to bake a cake. (Please do; otherwise I will have to start my theme over.) You've never baked a cake before, of course, but why worry? It's really very simple. All you have to do is to follow the directions in the cook-book and you can't fail; the book says so.

You choose your prettiest apron, spend a pleasant fifteen minutes arranging your hair in a way that makes you look housewifely, powder your nose lightly and carefully, and prepare to start.

You light the oven. It's really very difficult to light the oven. The book neglects to tell you the way to do it, and how are you to know that both burners must be lit or gas will escape? However, your intelligence comes to the rescue (I hope it does!) after ten minutes or so of uneasy sniffing on your part, and you cleverly manage to remedy the situation by blowing both burners out.

Once more you start. (Please don't interrupt—yes, you turned off the gas.) You sift the flour, spilling only a little over a fifth of it on the floor. That is really very good for an amateur. You scrape it up and sift it again and this process is finished.

After creaming the butter and sugar together and adding the egg yolk, you are ready to put in the milk and flour. You know just how to do this, but unfortunately, after it has been done, you remember that you forgot the baking powder. Throwing some in hastily, to make up for any time lost, you prepare to add the melted chocolate. (Of course you're making a chocolate cake.) To your annoyance you discover that it has evinced a peculiar liking for the bottom of the pan while you have left it simmering on the stove. However, you scrape it off and add it to the mixture.

So far, so good, you think proudly, totally forgetting the egg white which must be folded in. Brushing a stray lock of hair back, as you have so often seen movie heroines do in the same situation, (you know—rubbing the back of her head over the left eye?) You triumphantly ladle the mass of dough into a pan and gingerly place it in the oven. (Yes, it has been turned on. Your mother did it for you.)

It's more artistic, I know, to let my reader draw his own conclusions, and I've no doubt that he can, but I'm not artistic and I propose to do it for him.

Soon Johnny comes by—as he is often wont to do!—in his yellow roadster. You are delighted that he has discovered you looking so housewifely, and a drive is arranged. In your absence, Mother is privileged to supervise the baking of your masterpiece.

Tomorrow you will tell your friends probably that you baked a cake, all by yourself.

But, you will whisper sadly, behind your hand, "although I wouldn't tell her so for the world, Mother ruined it while I was out driving."

I wouldn't tell her, either!

(Continueud from page 3, col. 2)

that he was just walking along with Sally, and he somehow felt so sorry for her that he couldn't help but ask her. I do feel sorry for Martha, though. She was crying last period, but heavens, Al can't get out of it now."

Sally clamped her eyes shut—well, she certainly wasn't going to be silly and cry. If only that lump wouldn't hurt so in her throat! She bit her lip and found that it helped to keep the

THE ADVENTURES OF A LEAD PENCIL

By Dorothy Corbin

Only this morning I was a brand new, shining, yellow lead pencil, and look at me now!

I was bought for five dirty pennies at the corner grocery store by a small boy of nine or ten. Immediately upon my purchase, I was thrust bodily into a deep, dark pocket. When I became accustomed to the dark, I began to look around to see what my companions were like. There was a red top and its long string, both of which I recognized as my neighbors in the old store. They had lived in the next show case to ours. Four thumb tacks and a long, rusty nail sat and made pointed remarks about the rest of us, without regarding our feelings at all. The other member of our little company was decidedly aloof, and flatly refused to disclose her identity, for she was a crumpled piece of paper, and try as we might, we could not induce her to reveal her contents.

My first glimpse of my new life came when, on arriving at the school house, Oscar (which, as I soon learned, was my master's name) most unceremoniously plopped me down on his desk.

From that moment on my life has been a most harrowing experience. The first thing he did was to take me to a thing which I later learned was a pencil sharpener, and began to grind on my poor feet. He ground and ground, pulling me out at intervals and sticking a red headed boy with me to see if I was sharp enough. All day long I've written "jeogephy, 'rithmetic, spellin', writing" and all the horrors of the school room. After each vigorous using. I was again ground down and tested on the soft, freckled neck of the red-headed boy (much to his apparent chagrin). My beautiful yellow coat was horribly mutilated, and my nice rubber hat completely chewed off, while Oscar tried to think of the appropriate wording for a certain little love note to the pretty blonde across the aisle.

Now,—after all I've done for my master and as faithful as I have been, here I lie in the gutter beside the road forlorn and forgotten.

tears back.

She met Allan in the hall, a few minutes later. "Oh, Al, I'm so awfully sorry, but—well, I can't make it tonight." That was all she could manage to blurt out.

She stopped in at the florist's on her way home from school and had a corsage sent to Miss Sally Bland. The card she signed "Allan".

That night her mother helped her dress. "You say Allan isn't coming here for you tonight?" Mrs. Bland asked.

"No, Mother. He has to be there early to make arrangements, and so I told him I'd meet him there."

"It was thoughtful of him to send the corsage, Sally. Dear, you are lovely. But, really, you should be starting soon." Mrs. Bland was anxiously hovering about.

Sally left triumphantly—for the Lyric Theatre, where she watched Hoot Gibson ride horses, and rescue a helpless blonde creature until eleven o'clock. Evening dresses aren't so common in movie houses, but the quizzical glances in her direction strangely amused her. If they only knew! It had been harder to leave than she had expected. If only she could have told her mother everything, and "cried her cry out," as Grandmother used to say!

After the show she took a taxi.

OCTOBER

By Mary Mason

Crowned by the flamingo-feathered fan

Of an October sunset,
The marching topaz shine
Of prairie fires
Offers twirling, smoky prayers
To the moon-goddess.
And in the ardent shaded dusk
Of the golden twilight,
The carmined luster
Of autumn leaves
Turns to the winy mists of night.
From the mauve and saffron
Of the cooling sky,
The platinum points
Of the oldest stars
Hail the brazen kettle
Of the witches' moon.

JUST A FORD

By Hazel Moffett

Among the complexities of this swift, modern life the most exasperating, the most bewildering, the most complex of all complexities is the seemingly simple and unassuming Ford automobile. To the uninitiated it is only an object of contempt, a patient bearer of "gags" and "wise-cracks," the eternal low comedy, but to those who have learned the inner nature of a Ford by hard experience it is regarded with all the manifestations of proper awe and respect.

I, as the proud possessor of a model T Ford, am well equipped to speak of the quirks in Ford "nature". Ford "nature" combines all the worst traits of human nature with a few of the good traits found in other types of cars.

Lucretia Borgia, named after Shakespeare's famous character, has taught me many things that only the man who owns one ever finds out. By the end of a summer of only moderate usage Lucretia refused to perform anything excepting the simplest movements of running; the starter, one of the most essential parts of one's Ford, selfishly refused to emit a sputter, the horn had to be replaced by the loud voice of a neighborhood child whom we tied securely to the right fender, the lights would burn for a few minutes, then, at the first bump in the road, go off in the sneakiest manner imaginable. At the very beginning of the season the springs heaved a last sigh, then quietly and sadly broke; the gas tank had a most deceitful habit of running dry only when were miles from town. Regardless of her faults, however, Lucretia gamely kept running and when headed downwork on a steep hill would proudly and importantly pass up much larger, more important cars.

A man who owns a Ford becomes proficient in swearing, pleading, and striking attitudes of utter despair, as well as the possessor of a beaming smile which is brought into view on those occasions when "my Ford" hits on all four and really runs.

When it stopped before her home, Sally was quaking inwardly. Finally she asked, "Would you mind, so awfully, going up to the door with me?"

The little recognized driver merely looked at her.

She hurried on, "You see I'm supposed to be with some one."

He nodded gravely. When they reached the door, he said somberly, "Goodnight, an' thank you for a most enjoyable evenin'."

Sally pressed the rest of her month's allowance into his hand.

WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

across the campus. "I am as green as my cap and greener."

The sophs had turned.

And To Top A Hard Day Off!

"Twas the night before"—Sophomore Day, and The Freshman, after a long, hard Day of Silence, was ready for bed. She sat on the edge of the bed, slid under the covers. Suddenly—

"Hol-eee Smokes!!??!" She uttered a long, loud wail of anguish. She jumped out of bed and flung the pillow on the floor accompanied by an emphatic "DogGONE IT!" She yanked the bedclothes off and trailed out into the hall mumbling, "Heck! I might have known somebody would put salt and crackers in my bed." But she was not alone. Half a dozen more fellow sufferers were also out in the hall disgustedly shaking out sheets! Oh! For the life of a browbeaten freshman! It's a great life if you don't weaken!

Frosh On The Quad At Six

"The Freshmen are to be out on the quad at exactly 5:60 o'clock tomorrow morning, by order of the sophomore class"—and were they there? And how! Gathered there in the early dawning, quaking, awaiting the coming of the mighty, they gazed at the flag of the sophs, flaunting its white ground and blue airplane to the breezes. Flag of the stern ones! And then came the unsmiling dictators, clad in white cardigans; the emblem of their class, a airplane, flaming in blue on the back, and led by their sponsor, Miss Gordon, and president, Lois McKeehan. At the head of the slow procession the soph banner received immediate recognition by the frosh. "Oh, ye lowly lass of the freshman class, down in the dirt when the sophomores pass—ye must humble be, as ye now can see, that hard and stern is the sophomore's creed," and so they were herded together while the arbitrators of their fate formed a circle about them. Seated upon the ground, green caps awry, those of the frosh who heretofore had not been frightened, listened in fear and trembling lest their names be called, for of course, on this morning above all others, they should be the prey of the resolute enemies. Nor were they mistaken, for they did indeed furnish entertainment, not only for the sophs, but for some other early risers, both juniors and seniors. "You are to wrestle with temptation, and you are to scramble like an egg, while you are to walk about the flag-pole, looking upward at the soph flag, and praise its glory," were some orders. The lucky (?) girls with fraternity pins tried to sing either the sweetheart or sister songs, and when some failed so miserably they obliged with "London Bridge is Falling Down," as a suitable substitute. Another, already known as gifted in mimicry, gave her impressions of various animals, while still another made interesting "faces", lest she still think some classes "pie-faced." And the frosh entertained until the breakfast bell, when they were allowed to follow the sophs, who marched into the dining room, singing, but were seated by themselves, for the sophs held the seats of honor.

Frosh Amuse At Soph Order

Green caps bobbed here and there on the heads of the freshmen who were awaiting their fate at the hands of the high and mighty sophomores. Some of them were meek and trembling, while others were trying to be nonchalant to hide their real feelings.

The sophomores were grouped on the stage of the auditorium and their white sweaters and skirts made a

picturesque background for the entertainments presented by members of the Freshmen Class. One by one, the frosh were called by president McKeehan to come on the stage and perform before the whole student body and the faculty. A particular freshman who was very entertaining and amusing, was the one who rode across the stage in a very Neopoleonic style on a broom, yelling, "The British are coming! The British are coming!" This continued to occur every five minutes during the whole assembly. Oh yes! the sophomores got tired of seeing a frosh with her nails unusually long, so she was presented with a pair of scissors and asked to cut them off, putting them in an envelope, and giving them to the sophomore president.

After other amusing performances, the Freshmen all stood while the faculty left the auditorium. The Sophomores marched out with their very impressive, "OH YE LOWLY LASS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS."

Freshmen, Slaves Of Sophs...

For the convenience of the Sophomores, one member of the faculty has gone to the trouble of dividing the freshmen anathema into three distinct groups. First, there is the really timid creature, who shouldn't be treated tough. Secondly, there is the self-important type, who should be pitied rather than scorned. Thirdly, there is the wicked-eyebrow-good-at-heart-type who should not be treated rough either.

This classification, fine as it may seem, did not even get to the ears of many Sophs. Those who did it, ignored it shamefully. For freshmen all, classification or no classification, were—well, you saw it.

One of the most popular indignities borne by the freshmen was the making of beds and the cleaning of rooms not their own. Taking an average, it is found that every freshman made three beds and cleaned two rooms.

20 pencils were loaned; 14 glasses of water carried for thirsty Sophs; approximately 900 books transported from various dorms, to Roemer Hall; and many lovely impromptu song and dance numbers were given at divers points of the campus for the benefit of the lordly ones. A quartet of scarf dancers, accompanied by a violin and a cornet proved most charming.

A bevy of sad-faced freshmen sat in front of Sibley bailing water from one pail to another via teaspoons. A small wooden toy was pulled around the sidewalks from time to time by certain lowly ones. If by any chance the toy was upset, the unlucky penance doer needs must begin all over again and make the circuit without knocking over the poor animal. And did those freshmen work with those toothbrushes? Butler steps as clean as they ever will be!

Dance Ends Sophomore Day

On October 30, at 7:30, after a long, hard day, the Freshmen class of Lindenwood College looked at life with a little different outlook. All day long they had suffered the taunts of the mighty Sophs, and it was a little hard for them to realize that now instead of being ordered and bossed they were actually being "tagged" by the Sophomores.

At four thirty on the quad the Sophomore president issued the invitation to the Freshmen to be present at the Hallowe'en dinner dance to be given in their honor. At dinner the Sophomores sang to the Frosh and presented them with roses as a token of their friendship. At 7:30 sharp, queer looking people began to arrive at the gym, and soon the place was crowded with these odd specimens of humanity. A gruesome air hung over all and in-

AND ASKS A SOPHOMORE—HAVE ANY OF YOU LOST ANYTHING?

(By a Sophomore.)

Yesterday, coming out of the post-office, I noticed the bulletin board just outside. As usual, my eyes were unoccupied with mail. So I stopped to read. There was a large black-bordered placard with the words, Lost and Found, printed on it. Some witty idler, evidently newly enrolled in the Spanish course, had printed by the word Lost, "Une Heart". By the word Found some flunking Frosh had written, "I—".

I grew quite worried over the poor girl who had a notice up to this effect, "Lost or taken from my room, a Gospel of Mark, please return immediately as badly needed." If some one who has not seen this notice on the bulletin board for lost and found items, reads of this tragedy now, please do all in your power to help this little girl out. She frankly admits that she needs her Gospel of Mark.

There are a few optimists who always end their notices with "Thanks". It seems that the only reason for the being of the Found part of the board is the notice of various umbrellas and books to be recovered by inquiring at the Dean's office. Yesterday there was one of a purple umbrella. In the case of finding a purple umbrella, I really think that from an artistic point of view the item could be made much more attractive by substituting the word parasol for umbrella. What a pleasing sound that would make, "Purple Parasol".

Most of the notices politely begin something like this, "Strayed, Missing, Borrowed", but yesterday one of the unfortunate losers came directly to the point with the one introductory word, "Gone".

Stop some time, between your multitudinous trips to the P. O., and read.

deed a person could well feel spooky in a place lighted by huge yellow pumpkins and surrounded by walls lined with corn stalks, and where black bats, witches, cats, owls and moons were outlined on the orange background. The doors were covered with skull and cross bones and pumpkins were scattered among the corn. Cider and doughnuts added to the gaiety of the evening.

The climax came, however, when suddenly the lights went off and terrible howls filled the gym. Dim green lights were the only illumination of the scene of the three witches stirring the kettle wherein was the remains of a human body! Gruesome indeed was the conversation and more gruesome was the dance in which they contorted themselves as only witches and ghosts can. Even the freshmen were ready for the lights when the last howl rang out upon the air!

Some of those who added to the hilarity of the evening by their original costumes were Adelaide Brubaker who came as a bride, swathed in a beautiful lace curtain, and her bride groom Helen Bopp. The page who held up the bride's train was none other than Jo Bowman. There were gypsies, pirates, spaniards, and even children in the group to say nothing of "Draculas" cowboys, and farmers.

Another Sophomore Day gone. Now the sophomores can smile again on their freshmen friends and forget the stern relentless attitudes which they wore with so much dignity for a day. The only reminder of the day is the green caps which insist on bobbing up all over the campus and which will continue to be seen for quite a few days!

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

to carry her necessities, incognito through the country, for the pure pleasure of carefree, open-air trip. When she applies for lodgings, she is often regarded suspiciously because of her hobbled hair, an unusual sight in Spain.

As for her work, Concha Espina has definite theories and ideals in writing a novel. She strongly opposes indecency in writing. On the other hand, she records life none the less accurately or unflinchingly. In her opinion, it is not so much what you say, but how you say it. Every work of art must have realism, emotion, and beauty.

In Spain, even today it is a hard thing for a woman to make her way. Concha Espina was very brave to set out on a literary career. Although a well educated woman, she had no college training. She had no literary ancestor to lend her the prestige of his name. She believes in a vocation for women. Women should have another ideal in life besides getting married. And that is a daring liberal stand for a Spanish woman to take.

However Concha Espina is a remarkable woman. Miss Terhune found her gracious, endlessly interesting, sympathetic, and unaffected—a person of great simplicity and quiet dignity.

REV. HARRY CURTIS SPEAKS

"I bring you the greetings of Oklahoma." With these words the Rev. Harry W. Curtis of Miami began his address in Roemer Auditorium, Thursday morning, October 31.

"Most ministers take their texts from the Bible", said Mr. Curtis, "but I shall take mine from George Eliot. My text is: 'God cannot make Antonio's violin without Antonio's hand.'"

"Even though God is almighty, there are three things that He cannot do: He cannot do things that are not the object of power. He cannot do things inconsistent with his own character. He cannot do things inconsistent with his purpose in the universe."

"God expects man to use his power of choice. We can choose good or bad. He gives us the task of handling our own lives."

"God chose to make a wonderful violin for Antonio's hand. He took Antonio's hand and produced the Stradivarius violins—the most wonderful ever made. God is not making those violins today because He hasn't Antonio's hand to make them with. He fashions them now with the best hand he can find."

Mr. Curtis declared that this is true also in many other things. For instance, American Beauty roses, wonderful roads, trees are all made by God through Antonio's hand. Mr. Curtis quoted from Joyce Kilmer's poem, "But only God can make a tree." And he added, "But God uses Antonio's hand to make it."

"I like to think of God and man working together", stated Mr. Curtis. "God can use many hands. Jesus gave God a hand. We can give him a hand. Why are you here in college? To have a better hand for God and humanity."

"God wants to make three violins: the violin of goodness, the violin of usefulness, and the violin of unselfish service."

"I am going to change the names of all of you today," said Mr. Curtis in conclusion. "Your name is Antonio."

There will be no French play this year at Lindenwood according to a statement made by the sponsor of Beta Pi Theta. A French play is given only every other year, and there was one last year.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 12—

5:00 p. m., Miss Titcomb, Organ Recital, Sibley Chapel.

Thursday, November 14—

11:00 a. m., C. J. Armstrong of Hannibal, Mo.

Friday, November 15—

8:00 p. m., Freshman Party.

Sunday, November 17—

6:30 p. m., Miss Florence Jackson of Wellesley, Mass.

ORGAN RECITAL TO BE

BY MISS TITCOMB

Today is the long-awaited date of the recital of Miss Louise Carol Titcomb, organist, and at 5 p. m. she will present an all-German program in Sibley Chapel. This popular teacher has appeared in St. Louis recitals, and as old students will know, her programs are always well-worth while and thoroughly enjoyable.

The program follows:

- Fantasia—Sonata in A Flat.....Kheinberger
Adagio (Sonata I).....Mendelssohn
Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C.....Bach
Ave Maria.....Henslet
Canon, B Minor.....Schumann
Sketch, F Minor.....Schumann
Two Chorale—Improvisations.....Karg-Elert
(a) "What God does is well done."
(b) "Now thank we all our God."

WOMAN'S VOCATIONS

Miss Schaper Lectures To Freshmen

Thursday afternoon Miss Florence Schaper lectured to the freshmen orientation class. She was heartily welcomed by the students and it was evident that she was quite a popular person with them.

Her talk was the introductory lecture on vocations for women. She handed out to each girl a mimeographed list of some vocations for college women, and a creed of work for women.

Miss Schaper took as her theme the question, "How you and I may get in a vocational way in 1929". She pointed out the fact that although women have always worked, woman has in the last fifty years changed her kind of work and the place in which she does it.

Miss Schaper mentioned as the chief causes of woman's vocational change, three things.

First, the industrial revolution and introduction to the factory system. She quoted statistics stating that 12,000,000 women in the United States are working outside their homes, in gainful occupations.

As a second cause she cited the beginning of the educational emancipation of women.

These two, educational and industrial change, combined to bring about the third cause, the general raising of standards of living. "As women go into factories and higher education they see and begin to want new things."

In advising the girls in regard to the choosing of a career, Miss Schaper stressed the wide field from which they have to choose. "Women are versatile and can do many things" and quoting from Andrew Mellon, "Opportunity still knocks at the door of the young."

In conclusion Miss Schaper suggested that there are two main types of girls, those who are interested in people, and those interested chiefly in introspection. "Every one should determine to which class she belongs, and select her vocation accordingly."

GIRLS ENGAGE IN SPORT

Varied Athletics Possible at Lindenwood

The modern American girl goes in for sports of every kind, and the college girl leads all the rest. That Lindenwood girls are interested in sports is evident to even the casual visitor who strolls over the campus. As he saunters around the corner of Nicolls, he is startled by the sudden cry of "fore!", and a golf ball whizzes through the air. Golf is a popular game as a tonic for that stuffy after-classes feeling. Adeline Brubaker is at the head of this sport.

Down on the hockey field the visitor catches a glimpse of black and white-clad figures dashing up and down the field, urged on by Helen Weber, head of hockey. Just above the hockey players are the tennis courts where he can see ardent tennis fans practicing for a coming tournament. Just ask Charlotte Jegi, head of tennis, if the courts are ever deserted and she will answer, "Only in rainy weather."

On every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, Helen Henderson and her faithful baseball followers practice for the inter-class games.

And almost any day much splashing and laughing can be heard coming from the swimming pool in Butler. Winter and summer the future channel swimmers dive and float and "crawl." This is the best sport of all, according to Catherine Orr. Girls in knickers and heavy sweaters are hurrying to get their hikes in during these fall days. Helen Duncan is at the head of this sport. Everyone knows that to join the A. A. one must have correct posture, and Nell Henninger is an authority on perfect posture.

Lindenwood's annual Play Day is one of the big events of the year. Then the campus swarms with girls engaged in every sort of activity. This year Play Day was celebrated on Founders' Day, and the program arranged by Miss Duggan, head of the physical education department, and Miss Reichert, her assistant, was, according to all of the girls, a great success.

FACULTY DROWNS CARES EVERY MONDAY NIGHT

Miss Reichert Conducts Class

After toiling behind a desk during the day, some of the faculty members like to drown their troubles in the swimming pool. Miss Criswell, Miss Rhodes, Miss Parker, Miss Engelhardt and Miss Giesselman, take recourse of this method on Monday evenings. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Willebrandt, a former student at Lindenwood, go in for the sheer love of swimming. And poor Delphia Hirsh, after a day in the post office, finds that she needs a dash of cold water, too.

Dr. Gregg used to be an enthusiast, but now she gets her relaxation by keeping house. The group misses her and wants her back.

Miss Reichert, their teacher, reports fine progress on the part of her class. The beginners have learned to float, and the others are doing splendidly with the crawl and their diving. It is safe to say that when they complete Miss Reichert's course, they will all be more than just good swimmers.

They do not wish to be at all exclusive. In fact, they are eager for more. So, an invitation is extended to the whole faculty, on the part of the teacher and the class, to come on in on Monday evenings, at seven-thirty and share their fun.

NEWS FROM THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Mr. Brent was called home because of the death of his step-father and the illness of his mother. Lindenwood wishes to extend its sympathy to Mr. Brent.

Work on the new catalogue has begun, and there are important changes in the adjustment of the curriculum. These changes will be announced later.

The vocational lectures have begun in the Orientation class. Dr. Chase gave the first one on "Opportunities for Women in the Field of Religious Education."

Mrs. Bose has been out of school for the last week on account of illness, but she is now getting better.

REAL ANTIQUES IN TATLER

"Women divide their lives into three distinct parts—'before I got my diamond', a period of hope, 'after I got my wedding ring', a period, with luck, of complacency, and most important of all, 'the intervening period.'" So reads the editorial of the Roman Tatler.

Jewelry is being featured this week. We learn by perusing the front page of the Tatler that the Romans, even as you and I, loved the sparkle of rich stones, and the clang of heavy bracelets and necklaces.

Their favorite gems were: the onyx, turquoise.—Oh, read 'em yourself. The Pearl was the highest in favor. A very enlightening picture of Cleopatra dropping a pearl into a glass of wine appears. Why did she do it? Read the Roman Tatler for further particulars.

Two charming fables about the love of Roman women—for their jewels have gained the front page. One of them tells of a woman whose love for jewelry led to her death.

Best of all, we find the "lucky" stones, or the ones accredited with that power for each month in the year. If you were born in any of the twelve months of the year, perhaps you would appreciate knowing what your lucky stone is. If so, read the Roman Tatler.

CHRISTMAS ART CLASS BUSY WITH SECRETS

The Saturday Art Class held its first meeting November 2, from 9 to 12 A. M. Miss Linnemann is having the girls do wood-blocking, tied and dyed, polychrome, work in enamels, and Christmas cards. Miriam Courtney and Mabel Borrusch are doing polychrome. Evelyn Elben is making book-ends in polychrome and door-knockers in enamel. Frances Neff is making stationery in wood-blocking. Among those who are doing tied and dyed, is Lucille Lynn, who is making large tied and dyed georgette handkerchiefs.

In this class, there is an opportunity to make personal gifts, perhaps for one's sweetheart, but Miss Linnemann doesn't wish to give away anyone's secrets, so there will be no names mentioned.

PROMINENT CLUB ELECTS HAS LARGE MEMBERSHIP

The Nebraska Club announces its officers for the coming year: president, Doris Force; vice president, Jessamine Hinds; secretary and treasurer, Geraldine Davies. This organization is one of the most prominent of the state clubs. Its members have a reputation for bringing their friends to Lindenwood, and at the rate its membership has been increasing, it will soon be a rival of the Missouri Club which is now the largest of the state clubs.

CLOTHES MAKE THE GIRL

Miss Tucker Tells Freshmen in Lecture

Tuesday afternoon, Miss Tucker spoke to the Orientation class on the Hygiene of Clothing. At least, the women are ahead of the "stronger sex" in one respect, their clothes are more sensible and hygienic. Miss Tucker says this is due to the sudden enthusiasm of women for sports.

There are five conditions that clothing should fulfill; they must maintain the normal temperature of the body, keep the body warm, dry, clean and unrestricted. The constant temperature of the body is very important. There are two ways to maintain a normal temperature, chemically and physically. Many girls who work stint themselves on food that they may buy attractive clothes; this wears down the resistance of the body, and the chemicals that aid the body to resist diseases are worn down. There are two hundred and fifty million people on the earth that go entirely unclothed. In the cooler weather they eat more, and they rely on chemical oxidation.

Colors effect the warmth of materials. White reflects heat, and is therefore cool; black absorbs heat, and is used in cooled weather. Clothes do effect one's mental attitude. Experiments have proved that when waifs are properly dressed, their manners improve accordingly. One should select clothes with the idea of coloring, size, style, and all the other requirements, and then forget all about them.

In the library are some very interesting books on clothing; "The Well-Dressed Woman", by Ann Rittenhouse, and "Dress and Look Slender", by Carolyn Wells.

OKLAHOMA CLUB TO BE ACTIVE GROUP

The Oklahoma Club has been organized, and is one of the largest state clubs in the college with its 46 members. Turner Williams was elected president, a Tulsa girl; Mary Louise Bowles, vice-president from Perry; and Martha Watson, secretary-treasurer is from Tulsa, also. Tulsa has so many girls here, they should be able to plan some interesting and amusing entertainment, for there really should be a few ideas they have in common. Anything they decide to do they will probably be able to carry through for they have great power in their numbers. The Tulsaites must watch out for the Oklahoma Cityites for there are too many of them to dare sneeze at and get away with it.

STRAND THEATRE

TO-NIGHT

Jack Mulhall and Lila Lee
in
"DARK STREETS"

WEDNESDAY

Ann Harding, Famous Stage Star
in
"PARIS BOUND"

Thur. Fri. Nights—Sat. Matinee

DOLORES COSTELLO
in
"MADONNA OF AVENUE A"
with
Louise Dresser, Grant Withers

SATURDAY NIGHT

Talking—Singing—Dancing
ALICE WHITE
in

"THE GIRL FROM WOOLWORTH'S"